

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,  
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

---

# HIGHLAND MARY

## A FAVORITE SCTOCH BALLAD.

---

Ye banks and braes, and streams around,  
The castle of Montgomery,  
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumilie;  
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,  
And there they langest tarry ,  
For there I took the last farewell,  
Of my dear Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,  
How rich the hawthorne's blossom :  
As underneath their fragrant shade,  
I clasped her to my bosom;  
The golden hours on angel wings,  
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;  
For dear to me as light and life,  
Was my dear Highland Mary.

Wi' many a vow, and locked embrace,  
Our parting was fa' tender ;  
And pledging oft to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder.  
But, O ! fell death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower sae early,  
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary,

O, pale, pale now those rosy lips,  
I oft hae kiss'd sae fondly ;  
And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance,  
That dwelt on me sae kindly.  
And mouldering now in silent dust,  
That heart that lo'ed me dearly ;  
But still within my bosom's core,  
Shall live my Highland Mary

---

A. W. AUNER'S